



ALL THE WAY TO CANADA.



SALLY'S SEVEN-LEAGUE SHOES.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

DID you never hear the story of Sally Colman's shoes?

Why, they went far ahead of Jack's seven-league boots! They walked all the way from Hatfield, Massachusetts, to Canada and back, walking straight over Lake Champlain without sinking—they were bound with silk from Paris and threaded with deer's sinew from the forest, and soled with leather from England, and the red serge uppers came by way of New Amsterdam, straight from Holland, and with all the rough usage to which they were put they have lasted two hundred years and are not quite worn out yet; indeed it is very possible that they may last twice two hundred years longer. Now, is not that wonderful? And the most wonderful thing about the story is—that it is quite true.

One bright morning early in September, 1677, little Sally Colman sat on the counter of the Hatfield store swinging her feet complacently, and not a little proud of the new pair of red shoes which the shopkeeper had just fitted to them. She was on the point of jumping down and running home, when Mistress Delight Crowninshield, a young lady of great consequence from Boston, who had been visiting relatives in Hatfield that summer, inquired of the shopkeeper, who was also the postmaster, for her mail. Little

Sally Colman watched her with great awe, as she received from deferential hands a brown paper parcel heavily besplashed with huge red seals.

"They are my slippers!" exclaimed Mistress Delight in a tone of vexation, as she tore open the parcel, "and just too late for the husking frolic at Benoni Stebbins' barn!"

She placed the dainty slippers on the counter and looked at them regretfully; and Sally, as her round, young eyes noted their French heels and the delicate roseate hue of the silk, with the sparkle of the small paste-buckles on the instep, thought she had never seen anything half so lovely in all her short life, and looked down with diminished pride at her own heelless, stout-soled little boots with their red serge uppers and waxed-end ties.

"After all," sighed Mistress Crowninshield, "perhaps it is quite for the best. I should certainly have split them dancing, 'I'll be married in my old clothes,' on that rough plank floor, and now I shall have them fresh for Boston, for I am going back to-morrow, and who knows what flowery paths they may lead me in? Good bye, little Sally—so you have a pair of new shoes, too! Almost as big as mine, as stout and strong as you are, and as red as your own cheeks, while mine are only bits of silken flimsiness like myself. Their histories, if anybody could write them, will

doubtless be much like our own lives. Yours will probably last long and finally be stubbed out among the huckleberries and the dandelions, and mine will grow faded and shabby to the squeak of fiddlers and the glare of sconces, and they will both be buried in Nature's rag-bag and be alike forgotten."



MISTRESS DELIGHT MORALIZES.

Goodman Plympton, who liked to listen to Mistress Delight's playful chatter, shook his head gravely at this speech.

"Nay, Mistress Crowninshield," he said, "I have known the most humble raiment to be treasured carefully from generation to generation, long after the whilom owners thereof had perished, in memory of some noble deed which they had done in their lifetime, and which forbade that they should ever be forgotten."

"We have my grandfather's soiled gauntlets, for he fought with Cromwell," said Mistress Delight.

"And mother has wrapped in fine white paper the sprigged veil which my grandmother made and wore," said little Sally.

"Yea," replied Goodman Plimpton, "your grandmother was a French Huguenot. The veil is but a bit of silken flimsiness, of a piece with your slippers, Mistress Delight, but it has endured, for it holds within it something of the grace and loveliness of the wearer and maker, for it is written that though all things else vanish away, yet love abideth. And the gloves of your grandfather, though rough and uncomely, yet speak a stout heart and noble deeds,

and these cannot die, fair Mistress Delight."

Delight Crowninshield went to Boston, and the peach-blossom tinted slippers graced her feet at all of the few merry-makings in which the prim little town indulged. At one of these she met a young Frenchman from Quebec, an officer under the great Count Frontenac, who was in Boston on business of his command. This officer thought he had never seen any one as beautiful as Delight Crowninshield, and during his stay in Boston he was constantly at her side.

One day as they were walking in Frog Lane, now Boylston street, Delight found that she had lost one of her paste shoe-buckles, and that she would soon lose the slipper also, if it were not replaced.

They stepped into a shop, and the Frenchman bought a buckle and, dropping on one knee, placed Delight's little foot on the other while he fastened the slipper snugly for her. But Boston mud in Frog Lane then was quite as bad as Boston mud in Boylston street now, and when Delight removed her foot the print of her sole was startlingly visible on the French officer's fine white broadcloth knee-breeches.

"I fear me it will not come off," said Delight, ruefully.

"Then let it remain," replied the gallant Frenchman. "I shall guard it as the proudest decoration I possess until the day that I can claim little foot and little body as my own."

Wooings were rather more stately and lengthy things in those days than now, and the French officer was obliged to go back to Quebec wearing a new pair of knee-breeches, the stained ones folded away in his chest, and only the vague assurance that he might claim Mistress Delight as his bride when it was plainly proved that he deserved her.

He had scarcely gone when very sorrowful news was heard from Hatfield. The Indians had made a descent upon the town, had burned, and pillaged, and murdered, and carried away captive. Little Sally Colman's mother was killed and Sally herself carried to Canada.

Poor little Sally! She had been rudely waked up that chill autumn morning by glare of fire and shrieks and horrid yells, but as she was dragged out of the burning house she caught at the objects dearest to her heart—her new red shoes. Many a weary mile the little captive trudged meekly, uncomplainingly, until the heart of even her Indian captor was touched, and he lifted her to his shoulders as they strode through the thick underbrush.

Often the straggling band would be separated, and then they kept near each other by uttering hideous noises; hooting like screech-owls, or howling like wolves. When Sally heard these sounds she would start with fright, and cling to Painted Arrow's neck; until the savage, seeing how she trusted in him for protection, answered her confidence with every kindness in his power to grant.

When they climbed the steep mountains he placed her on one of the horses behind one of the two ugly-faced squaws who accompanied the party, and when she trembled with the quivering of the frail birch-bark canoe, in which they crossed the Connecticut, he leaped into the deadly-cold water and followed her, swimming by its side and steadying it now and then with his hand.

They crossed the river several times, keeping it between them and the English settlements as they travelled northward. The Indians hunted as they went, and Painted Arrow always shared his portion with little Sally, who learned to consider a roasted bear's paw a great delicacy. Once they had huckleberries which the squaws gathered; but in getting them the squaws lost Benoni Stebbins, whom they had taken with them to carry the full baskets, and Benoni, making his way back to Hatfield, told their friends at home of their sufferings and put stout-hearted pursuers upon their track.

The Indians toiled over the Green Mountains and reached Lake Champlain only to find it frozen. Here they made sledges, and Painted Arrow placed Sally and little Samuel Russell, who had been taken captive at Deerfield, on one of these and tucking them in with skins and his own blanket drew them over the ice. But in spite of his care the boy died, and when they reached Chamblee some of the more cruel Indians burned Goodman Plympton at the stake.

It was Christmas time when they reached Sorel, a French garrison on the St. Lawrence river, and here Sally and the other captives were sold as slaves to the French settlers. The French masters were kinder to them than their Indian ones had been, and Sally attended the Christmas service at the little Jesuit church, thankful at heart that the perilous journey was accomplished.

After service there was a Christmas dinner such as Sally had never tasted, for her master, Jean Poitevin, had been a prince of cooks in his native land, and he donned a white apron and paper cap and served up a dinner that would have done honor to a Parisian res-

taurant. In the first place there was a delicious soup made of the legs and head of a rooster, an onion, a carrot cut in fancy pieces, a bouquet of different kinds of herbs, and a piece of garlic. Then there was *gibelotte de lapin*, a rabbit stewed in a delicious black sauce. This was accompanied by blocks of bread cut from a loaf about as long as Jean Poitevin's arm.

Next came the rooster served with little mushrooms all around him, big ones tucked under his wings and a button-hole-knot of them on his breast. After this Sally helped Madam Poitevin to clear away the meats, and the family attacked the desert which had all along ornamented the central part of the table, and consisted of a temple of macaroons marvellously iced and decorated, six little pots of six different kinds of preserves, and some very black coffee.

Poor little Sally! The kindness of her new owners was quite as bad for her as the severity of the Indians, and the varied bill of fare, after her scanty diet of bear's-paws and acorns, made her very ill. Madame Poitevin nursed her very kindly, and mended her little red shoes, which had become very ragged with the long march. The Indians had replaced the shoe-strings by deer-sinews, and Madame Poitevin bound the worn edge with a ribbon which she had brought



IN FROG LANE, BOSTON.

with her from France. Then she took out her lace pillow, and Sally, as she watched the growth of the frost-like sprays, thought of her grandmother's sprigged veil which lasted so long, and of Goodman Plympton's words—"Love endureth." By her loving ways and gentle, obedient behavior she won the Poitevins' hearts; but in spite of their kindness the

tears would often well to her eyes, and she would sob :

"Father, father, shall I ever see you and dear old Hatfield again?"

And ever since the return of Benoni Stebbins, Sally's father and the good Hatfield people generally had been doing their best for the rescue of their kidnapped neighbors. Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings, whose wives had been carried away, were most forward of all. They went to Albany and tried to obtain soldiers to follow the Indians. But instead of being helped they were hindered, for the Dutch and Yankees were not very friendly at this time, and they were thrown into prison for a while, so that it was not until December that these two brave men, with only a friendly Mohawk Indian for a guide, set out for Canada.

When Delight Crowninshield heard of this expedition it struck her that perhaps she could do something to help it along, and seizing her father's stubby goose-quill, she wrote the following quaint letter to the French officer who had carried away the print of her small foot on his knee and heart :

RESP'D SIR : There has been an incursion of ye barbarous salvages who have captivated many of ye people of Hatfield leading them away to Canada. Certain of our people, Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jenning, are now on their way to Quebec to obtain the deliverance of the same, which if thou canst affect or aid through thy influence with thy master, the great Governor Frontenac, thou mayest make any demand upon my kindness which thou seest fit. In witness whereof I hereto set my hand and seal this 15th day of November, 1676.

DELIGHT CROWNINSHIELD.

The seal which the little witch affixed was two drops of black sealing wax, artfully managed to resemble the print of a slipper.

This was enough. When the Hatfield ambassadors

reached Quebec they were brought at once before Frontenac, and the release of all the captives ordered. A guard of French soldiers was also granted to convey them safely to Hatfield.

They set out on their homeward journey the middle of April and arrived in the early summer, little Sally still wearing the remnants of her seven-league shoes — two very worn soles with little of the scarlet uppers and a frayed morsel of French ribbon left, each clinging to the ankle only by a string of stout deer's sinew.

The young French officer, who you may be sure formed one of the guard, quickly made an exchange of prisoners, for though he returned Sally to her home, he carried Delight back with him to Quebec in a far more "captivated" condition than any of the prisoners taken by the Indians. And Madame Delight's first wifely duty was to scour long and earnestly a spot of Boston mud left on a pair of her husband's white knee-breeches. But the mud had been left untouched so long that it never thoroughly came out; and the gallant French officer told the story of the half effaced footprint many times amidst the applause of his comrades and even of Count Frontenac himself.

You can see one of Sally's red shoes to-day in the museum of the Memorial Association at Deerfield — the little shoe that trudged to Canada and back, and has lasted, unlike most children's shoes, over two hundred years. The other is in the collection at the Old South Church in Boston, and was referred to in the *WIDE AWAKE* for July, 1879, in an article entitled "The Children's Hour at the Old South."

That "Love endureth," though slipper-prints fade and shoes wear out, and that patient submission will conquer in the end, is the lesson of Sally's little shoes.



THE LITTLE RED SHOE AT THE OLD SOUTH.